



Our French Friend (who has got his sporting terms somewhat mized), "MON AMI! MON AMI! THIS MAN HAS JUST SHOT A BULL'S-EGG!"

### ADIEU TO ARGYLL.

LAND of the purple heather, where, much to my content,  
Three weeks of broken weather I recently have spent,  
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,  
Accept this humble lyric penned by a cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n in times of peace,  
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple Saxon fleece;  
But dexterously dodging the holidaying host,  
I found a modest lodging upon the western coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the Curate's egg recalls.  
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of gales and squalls;  
But when the misty blanket disperses, at such times  
I confidently rank it among the best of climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do people frown  
When I devour my plateful of porridge sitting down?  
Your music is soul-shaking, with skirls and yelps and snaps,  
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who, destitute of ruth,  
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the bitter truth—  
That, till I mend my errors in grip and stance and swing,  
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and shade  
I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,  
Whose charms throughout a broader expanse are lately blown  
Since breathed by HARRY LAUDER into the gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of nature on Scotia's genial strand,  
But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to understand;

Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise promote,  
While Grogport strikes a mellow but dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the eagle's nest,  
Why do you wet your whistle with such appalling zest?  
And why endure the orgies enacted year by year  
When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage on each pier?

(A partial explanation one may perchance descry  
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi*;  
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be more terse,  
If he were never sottish, would swamp the universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial flaws  
When past and present glories combine to plead your cause?  
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of old renown,  
And ev'ry burn is singing how CHARLIE lost his crown?

I've roamed and climbed and wondered among the Western  
Isles,

And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty foam-flecked miles;  
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun go down,  
Unseated *atra cura*, forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,  
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,  
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,  
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning o'er the deep,  
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,  
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,  
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

V.

"You naturally ask me," said I—and the statement was rhetorical, for PRENDERBY had not touched upon the topic—"you naturally ask me how it is that I have absented me awhile from the felicity of communion with you? To tell truth, this BIRRELL Session has somewhat bored me, and I assumed that you shared my apathy."

"You were justified in that conjecture," replied PRENDERBY. "The more I hear of Nonconformist arguments, the stouter becomes my loyalty to the Church; and the more I read of Church views, the deeper grow my suspicions that the Nonconformists are really in the right. If either side had had the courage to be silent, it might have enjoyed the benefit of my support. As it is, I sympathise greatly with the attitude of Sir CARNE RASCH, who seems to have made it a principle to vote against every Education Bill that he comes across. Like *Ogniben in A Soul's Tragedy*, he has known (and disapproved of) 'four-and-twenty leaders of revolt.' Indeed I should be inconsolable but for my faith in the Child's intuitive indifference to what is regarded by each new authority as best for his immortal soul—an intuition amounting almost to an intellectual gift."

"This indifference of the Child," I said, with my usual tact in arranging conversational transitions for PRENDERBY, "no doubt extends to the proposed reduction in the Navy. But do you imagine the adult public is equally unconcerned about this momentous feat of economy?"

"I cannot say," replied PRENDERBY. "You might suppose that a people of which the vast mass, as we are told, declines to lift a finger in defence of its country, would be prepared to pay a reasonable sum for professional protection. And yet I understand that the reduction of the Services was one of some five or six dozen mandates which it conferred upon the present Government. If the Government honestly believe this and if they are further convinced that no greater intelligence is demanded of them, as the nation's trustees, than is demanded of the irresponsible elector, then I cannot blame them. And only see how cleverly they have managed their retrenchment. They reduce the Army on the ground that England's only defence is in her Navy, and then they reduce the Navy on the ground that, having reduced one Service, they must, to be consistent, reduce the other."

"That, of course, is not the reason they give. They prefer to contend that a nation, when it is represented in a padded pew at a Peace Conference, looks a bit less of a hypocrite if it is only armed to the teeth, and not to the back teeth; and so it comes to this—that instead of going to the Haguites and saying: 'Look here, our Navy is so powerful that, as far as we are concerned, you might as well shut up your dockyards at once,' they prefer to say: 'Please note that we are now arranging a reduction in our Navy; so that, if two or three of you others only go on building ships for all you're worth, you may presently, between you, make a very pretty match of it with ours.'"

"I doubt," said I, "whether the Hague has very much to do with the reduction. The Government are probably economising, for their own ends, on the strength of the friendly relationships established (by their predecessors) with other leading naval Powers."

"I should greatly like to hear what our allies of the Far East think about that," said PRENDERBY; "for, when they don't talk, they have the parrot's habit of thinking the more."

"But really the Government's best argument (though not put forward as such) lies in their New Transvaal Constitution. If we are going to reduce our Imperial responsibilities—if, for instance, we are going to hand back South Africa to the Boers—we can no doubt afford to make a proportionate reduction in the Navy."

"You have been reading KIPLING's latest poem," I hazarded.

"And what if I have?" asked PRENDERBY.

"Didn't you find it rather strident?" I asked.

"Strident?" said he; "of course it was strident. How else do you suppose he could hope to get a hearing? Every idea has to be exaggerated, underlined, rubbed in, if you want to penetrate this pachyderm of a public. KIPLING was talking at the top of his voice because he saw that we were sleepy and had forgotten things."

"But did you notice how *The Westminster Gazette* rebuked him?"

"If," said PRENDERBY very gravely, "you refer to a *Westminster* Cartoon in which KIPLING was represented waving a Union Jack while JOHN BULL looked on and said: 'Well, I suppose KIPLING can't help it, but I thought that sort of thing had been forgotten'—I did notice it. And it struck me as being about the soundest smack (dealt of course unintentionally) that the Government have yet received from their own side. Never was a truer word said, in jest or earnest. They have 'forgotten that sort of thing.' One would suppose that the war with the Boers had never been fought; that we had been members of the same family for a brace or two of generations. Yes, they have learned nothing and they have 'forgotten' everything."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was at this point that I felt I had to go away. I can stand a good deal from a man like PRENDERBY, who prides himself on his freedom from prejudice and takes advantage of his detachment to throw off these dreadful home truths. But if he was going to try and shake my faith in my *Westminster*—!

O. S.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER——"

We have received the following circular, which explains itself.

THE RECOLLECTIONS STORES, LTD.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,—It is a duty laid upon every person nowadays, who has frequented good society, to issue towards the latter end of his life a VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS of eminent personages whom he has met, and of interesting events of which he was a witness.

But the marshalling of recollections involves serious brain fag, while in many cases one's opportunities of meeting persons of distinction have been limited. We have accordingly made arrangements by which WE UNDERTAKE TO PROVIDE, FOR ANY PERSON PAYING OUR SMALL FEE, A VOLUME OF REMINISCENCES, which, from our wide experience and the numerous sources of information at our disposal, we are able to guarantee as likely to pass through a number of editions and to have all its best stories republished by *T. P.'s Weekly*.

Do not be deterred from writing to us merely because you are of no importance in the social or intellectual scale.

By our methods ANY Person can publish his recollections.

ANY REASONABLE SERIES OF EVENTS may be selected by clients as being within their experience.

Also clients may select any distinguished personage for recollection purposes—providing that the personage, if not now alive, has been alive during some period of client's life.

OUR PRICES ARE REGULATED BY THE DEGREE OF INTIMACY which you wish to have represented as existing between yourself and the personage, and by the standing of such personage.

Thus you may be shown as having been on nodding terms with CARLYLE for one guinea per recollection; you may have dined with him, together with necessary table-talk, for from two guineas to fifty shillings, while for a five-pound note you may have been in the habit of dropping in informally of an evening. On the other hand, you may have been the life-long friend of MARTIN TUPPER for one and ninepence, while only eleven-pence halfpenny would be charged for a calling acquaintance.



PULLING TOGETHER.

BABY BOER }  
BABY BRITON } "HERE, I SAY, DRINK FAIR!"



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### THE RULING PASSION.

Nurse. "ARE YOU HURT, SIR?"

Old Sportsman (late M.F.H., whose bath-chair has been in collision with another). "NOT IN THE LEAST, MY DEAR! BUT WOULD YOU MIND ASKING THAT CONFOUNDED SON OF A COCKNEY HAIR-DRESSER WHAT HE MEANS BY CROSSING ME LIKE THAT?"

Our "SPECIAL" VOLUME OF RECOLLECTIONS—a class of goods particularly recommended—is divided into THREE SECTIONS.

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This period can be made particularly interesting, as a client may claim to have known many personages who would be dead by the time he had grown to manhood. Moreover client's early life, obscured as it is likely to be by the mists of time, cannot easily be quoted as being inconsistent with the details mentioned in the recollections. Clients born five or more years before 1850 may meet WORDSWORTH near Grasmere for twenty-five and six, and for an additional half-sovereign he may spend an hour in their company "listening to their boyish prattle" or "their childish confidences"—as clients prefer.

For thirty-one and sixpence clients may recollect being taken by their father to see a stern and lonely old man in a high rambling house, and being told that the old man was J. M. W. TURNER; while for two guineas a recollection may be included of receiving an Eccles cake from MATTHEW ARNOLD. Other lines are:—

Recollection of receiving smile from Lord PALMERSTON...	s. d. 17 6
Recollection of being patted on the head by BULWER LYTTON .....	9 4
Recollection of being teased about wearing knickerbockers for first time by JOHN BRIGHT .....	7 6
Recollection of being teased about wearing knickerbockers for first time by Mr. GLADSTONE.....	5 0
Recollection of receiving bright new penny and word of advice from Mrs. HEMANS or ELIZA COOK .....	0 6

#### SECTION II.—YOUNG MANHOOD.

In this section clients are "influenced by Political Movements," and "come under the sway of Magnetic Individualities." Preference for any particular individuality should be stated.

#### SPECIAL OFFER.

For a small extra charge we provide clients not only with a recollection of DICKENS, but with a proof that they are actually the original of any favourite character in the novelist's works.

#### SECTION III.—MIDDLE AGE AND AFTER.

This section is of somewhat different character from the others. The serious difficulty has to be encountered, that if recollections are written concerning living personages these may take occasion to deny acquaintance with our clients. Recollections in Section III. therefore avoid the mention of names for "reasons that will be obvious" or "in the interests of diplomacy—" as clients may elect.

Clients in this section may dine with "a Cabinet Minister whose recent utterances have commanded wide attention," or motor with "an ex-Irish Viceroy who was very communicative," etc., etc.

Finally we have to state that, though the above is our standard pattern volume of recollections, we are prepared to supply a volume on any lines according to clients' requirements.

We are, dear Sir or Madam,

The RECOLLECTIONS STORES LIMITED.

## MY TEAM.

## IV.—IN THE FIELD.

It is, I consider, the duty of a captain to consult the wishes of his team now and then, particularly when he is in command of such a heterogeneous collection of the professions as I was. I was watching a match at the Oval the other day, and at the end of an over LEES went up to DALMENY and had a few words with him. Probably, I thought, he is telling him a good story that he heard at lunch; or, may be, he is asking for the latest gossip from the Lobby. My neighbour, however, held other views.

"There," he said, "there's ole WALTER LEES asking to be took off."

"Surely not," I answered. "DALMENY had a telegram just now, and LEES is asking if it's the 3.30 winner."

LEES then began to bowl again.

"There you are," I said triumphantly; but my neighbour wouldn't hear of it.

"Old LEES asked to be took off, and ole DALMENY" (I forget how he pronounced it, but I know it was one of the wrong ways) "ole DALMENY told him he'd have to stick on a bit."

Now that made a great impression on me, and I agreed with my friend that DALMENY was in the wrong.

"When I am captaining a team," I said, "and one of the bowlers wants to come off, I am always ready to meet him half-way, more than half-way. Better than that, if I have resolved upon any course of action, I always let my team know beforehand; and I listen to their objections in a fair-minded spirit."

It was in accordance with this rule of mine that I said casually, as we were changing, "If we win the toss I shall put them in."

There was a chorus of protest.

"That's right, go it," I said. "HENRY objects because, as a first-class cricketer, he is afraid of what *The Daily Chronicle* will say if we lose. The Editor naturally objects—it ruins his chance of being mistaken for a county player if he has to field first. BOLTON objects because heavy exercise on a hot day spoils his lunch. THOMPSON objects because that's the way he earns his living at the Bar. His objection is merely technical, and is reserved as a point of law for the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. MARKHAM is a Socialist, and objects to Authority. Also he knows he's got to field long-leg both ends. GERALD—"

"But why?" said HENRY.

"Because I want you all to see the wicket first. Then you can't say you weren't warned." Whereupon I went out and lost the toss.

As we walked into the field the Editor told me a very funny story. I cannot repeat it here for various reasons. First,

it has nothing to do with cricket; and secondly, it is, I understand, coming out in his next number, and I should probably get into trouble. Also it is highly technical, and depends largely for its success upon adequate facial expression. But it amused me a good deal. Just as he got to the exciting part, THOMPSON came up.

"Do you mind if I go cover?" he asked.

"Do," I said abstractedly. "And what did the Vicar say?"

The Editor chuckled. "Well, you see, the Vicar, knowing of course that—"

"Cover, I suppose," said GERALD, as he caught us up.

"What? Oh yes, please. The Vicar did know, did he?"

"Oh, the Vicar *knew*. That's really the whole point."

I shouted with laughter.

"Good, isn't it?" said the Editor.

"Well, then—"

"Have you got a cover?" came MARKHAM's voice from behind us.

I turned round.

"Oh, MARKHAM," I said, "I shall want you cover, if you don't mind. Sorry—I must tell these men where to go—well, then, you were saying—"

The Editor continued the story. We were interrupted once or twice, but he finished it just as their first two men came out. I particularly liked that bit about the—

"Jove," I said suddenly, "we haven't got a wicket-keeper. That's always the way. Can you keep?" I asked the Editor.

"Isn't there anyone else?"

"I'm afraid they're all fielding cover," I said, remembering suddenly. "But, look here, it's the chance of a lifetime for you. You can tell 'em all that—"

But he was trotting off to the pavilion.

"Can anybody lend me some gloves?" he asked. "They want me to keep wicket. Thing I've never done in my life. Of course I always field cover in the ordinary way. Thanks awfully. Sure you don't mind? Don't suppose I shall stop a ball though."

"HENRY," I called, "you're starting that end. Arrange the field, will you? I'll go cover. You're sure to want one."

Their first batsman was an old weather-beaten villager called GEORGE. We knew his name was GEORGE, because the second ball struck him in the stomach, and his partner said, "Stay there, GEORGE," which seemed to be GEORGE's idea too. We learnt at lunch that once (in the eighties or so) he had gone in first with Lord HAWKE (which put him on a level with that player), and that he had taken first ball (which put him just above the Yorkshireman).

There the story ended, so far as GEORGE was concerned; and, indeed, it was enough. Why seek to inquire if GEORGE took any other balls besides the first?

In our match, however, he took the second in the place that I mentioned, the third on the back of the neck, the fourth on the elbow, and the fifth in the original place; while the sixth, being off the wicket, was left there. Nearly every batsman has some pet stroke, and we soon saw that GEORGE's stroke was the leg-bye. His bat was the second line of defence, and was kept well in the block. If the ball escaped the earthwork in front, there was always a chance that it would be brought up by the bat. Once, indeed, a splendid ball of HENRY's, which came with his arm and missed GEORGE's legs, snicked the bat, and went straight into the wicket-keeper's hands. The Editor, however, presented his compliments, and regretted that he was unable to accept the enclosed, which he accordingly returned with many thanks.

There was an unwritten law that GEORGE could not be l.b.w. I cannot say how it arose—possibly from a natural coyness on GEORGE's part at the exact significance of the "l." HENRY, after appealing for the best part of three overs, gave it up, and bowled what he called "googlies" at him. This looked more hopeful, because a googly seems to be in no way restricted as to the number of its bounces, and at each bounce it had a chance of doing something. Unfortunately it never did GEORGE. Lunch came and the score was 37—GEORGE having compiled in two hours a masterly 19; 18 off the person, but none the less directly due to him.

"We must think of a plan of campaign at lunch," said HENRY. "It's hopeless to go on like this."

"Does GEORGE drink?" I asked anxiously. It seemed the only chance.

But GEORGE didn't. And the score was 37 for five—which is a good score for the wicket.

## A RIVERSIDE REGRET.

WHEN PHYLLIS punts, she wields the pole  
With tiny hands in dainty style,  
Inconsequently chatting while  
We slowly move towards our goal.

When PHYLLIS punts, I long to lie  
And idly watch her laughing face,  
For seldom does such lissom grace  
As hers delight a lover's eye.

But what with thrusting skiffs aside,  
Entreating pardons by the score,  
And pushing off from either shore—  
I'm far too fully occupied  
When PHYLLIS punts!



## GARDEN PARTY AMUSEMENTS.

*(A little in the helpful Carmelite manner.)*

"It is one thing," said, the other day, a well-known hostess, famous for her witty *mots*, "to get your guests to a garden party, but to keep them glad they came is quite another pair of shoes." And how true this is, many another and less gifted hostess can tell, whose unhappy lot it has been to see her friends disappear after merely shaking her hand and eating the strawberries. "I don't believe," said one of these ladies whose observation was not less keen than that of her sister entertainers, but who lacked her gift of epigram, "I don't believe they (her guests) care about me at all: all they want is to be fed and amused." It therefore behoves hostesses who would be popular to multiply diversions as much as possible, and we are happy to be able to offer some useful suggestions.

Our first rule would be: Forget that it is a garden party at all. Think of it as an ordinary party in your drawing-room and behave accordingly. That is to say, have the same games that you would have there. If you would have "Hunt the Slipper" indoors, have it out too. Put Bridge tables under the trees. Have the Billiard table carried out to the rosery. Let there be Draughts by the cedar and Chess in the arbour. Give up the summer-houses to Backgammon. Spread the illustrated papers about the pergola. Hang engravings on the rose bushes. Let there be pianos under the deodar.

Above all be sure to have plenty of paper and pencils, for writing games are invaluable at garden parties, and let the prizes be valuable. You cannot spend too much money on prizes. Here is a typical garden-party game:—Bags of different scents are strung upon a rope at a little distance apart and hoisted between two posts. The bags should be filled with perfumes, herbs, and condiments of various kinds, such as violet powder, rose, cloves, musk, ginger, pepper, camphor, naphthaline, and odours more difficult to recognise, such as oranges and lemons, nutmeg, &c. Great care must be taken not to use flowers or anything that really has to do with a garden; your guests would not like this. They want exotic artificial scents. Each little bag is numbered, and pieces of paper and pencils are dealt out to the competitors, who, after smelling at the respective bags, write down the names of the scents opposite the numbers shown on the bags. Though many enter this contest with a very light heart certain of a prize, it is amazing how few are able to fill in the list correctly. Still, for fear of unpopularity, it is well to have prizes for all, the booby



*Nurse (to fond mother of celebrated musical prodigy). "PLEASE, MUM, IS MASTER WILLY TO AVE 'IS MORNING SLEEP, OR GO ON WIV 'IS SIXTEENTH SYMPHERNY?"*

prizes being not of the best kind but still valuable—not diamonds perhaps, but at least pearls.

For the few persons who dislike indoor games, even indoors, and loathe them in the open air, there are plenty of things to do, provided the hostess is willing (as of course she should be) to sacrifice everything to her guests' amusements. Pergola chopping, for example. This is a splendid game. All that is wanted is a number of axes—as many as there are posts in the pergola. These are distributed among the guests, and at a given signal they begin to chop. A prize—a diamond tiara or gold cigar-case—should be awarded to the chopper who cuts through quickest. Of course the pergola will be ruined and probably the roses on it too; but what of that? The country-side has to be pleased at any price.

"Tarquin" is not a bad game. Each guest is provided with a military cane and told to run down the beds, swishing at the heads of the flowers on his way. The fallen heads are then counted, and the pearl necklace or silver tantalus goes to the greatest of the decapitators.

Another excellent pastime is catching the gold fish, and another throwing tennis balls at the conservatory—each guest being given six balls and told to break if possible six separate panes with them. Few games are entered into with more spirit by the young. The only drawback to these games is the subsequent interview with the gardener; but if you have a motor-car and a London house this can be avoided, while a mere ordinary headache will postpone it with certainty for a season.

## CHARIVARIA.

HERR BALLIN, the managing director of the Hamburg-American Line, is mentioned as the possible successor of Prince BÜLOW as Imperial Chancellor. Our C-B, on the other hand has not even had any experience with the L.C.C. steamers.

It is rumoured that after the Vacation a much needed legal reform will be inaugurated. The Courts are to sit half-an-hour earlier to enable the judges to crack jokes and to reply to adverse criticisms without trenching on the time which belongs to the Public.

With reference to the proposed abolition of the office of public executioner in France, it is denied that, if the Senate sanctions the proposal, M. DEIMLER intends to continue to carry on the business privately.

In the mixed swimming race down the Seine the Englishman JARVIS was an easy winner. His victory, we hear, was to some extent due to the fact that with true British stolidity, he refused to flirt during the race.

Our policemen are such an exceptionally handsome body of men that it is only right that they should be protected from a form of annoyance to which they are peculiarly liable. We were therefore pleased to see that at the Tower Bridge Police Court a fine of 2s. 6d. was imposed on somebody for kissing a constable during the recent dry and hot weather.

"If you are a commercial traveller or a salesman," writes Mr. PETER KERRY in *Pearson's Weekly*, "it is a good thing not only to cultivate a cheerful spirit, but to be a good and ready story-teller." Hard things have been said about commercial morality before this, but we have never yet heard the thing put quite so bluntly.

A proposal to introduce ozone, electrically produced, into the sewers with a view to purifying the atmosphere, is being considered by the Greenwich Borough Council. If the experiment be successful, it is possible that the City and South London Tube may adopt the idea.

Undertaking to live for twenty-one days on tinned meat, a man residing at Harrow has offered himself to Messrs. ARMOUR for exhibition in London. The sting is in the shortness of the period.

A Swedish scientist has succeeded in producing a soluble dry milk. If

sufficient water be added to the powder it is impossible to distinguish the result from the ordinary London variety.

We had hoped that pin-curls for men were doomed, but we read that the silk hat for the autumn will have a brim with a fair, although not excessive, amount of curl.

The mention of fashions reminds us that some new fancy ducks are now to be seen at the Zoo.

Our Dumb Friends' League, we hear, has more ladies than men among its supporters. This is not remarkable. The terrible affliction of dumbness is, of course, one especially calculated to appeal to feminine sympathy.

The hundredth performance of *The Girl Behind the Counter* was received with cheers. Curiously enough there were no counter cheers.

The advent of a gearless motor-omnibus is announced. But what is needed, we fancy, is a jeerless one. "'Union Jack,' are yer?" growled a cabby the other day as one of a well-known brand passed him, "Yer smells more like a Onion Jack!"

It is rumoured that Professor RAY LANKESTER will shortly be retired from his position at the Natural History Museum on the score of age. This is absurd, seeing that the *Diplodocus* is allowed to remain on in the same building.

A pupil of Oundle School has climbed to the top of the local church spire, and tied his handkerchief to the weather vane. It is astonishing the aversion some boys have to handkerchiefs.

The caterpillar nuisance is spreading. According to *The Express* a boa-constrictor three-and-a-half feet long glided into a compartment of a Great Western corridor express last week.

The Boers have won the South African war after all. The concluding volume of the Official History can now appear.

Miss MARIE CORELLI has written to the Press to explain that the scene of her new story is not laid in Devonshire but in Somersetshire. A rumour states that the news has thrown a pall of gloom over one of England's fairest counties, but does not specify which county.

NOTICE at a Bridlington chemist's:—

"Teeth extracted while you wait."

We prefer the absent treatment.

## OMNIBUS INTERLUDES.

## IV.—THE MESSENGER BOY.

FROM my seat I have an excellent view of him.

He is a cherubic little person; one of the type that might have sat to a latter-day PRAXITELES for a new statue of Eros. As a matter of fact, he is in the service of the District Messenger Company; and notwithstanding his fourteen years and the rakish angle at which his "pork-pie" cap is set, a look of innocent blitheness dwells in his eyes.

It is accordingly with a mild shock of disillusionment that I watch him produce from the inner regions of his tunic a much-folded brochure entitled—if I discern aright—*Dare-Devil Dick, or, The Bandits of the Bone-Strewn Cañon*. He has become absorbed in this romance when, shortly after leaving Chancery Lane, the conductor comes to collect new fares. The conductor's manner suggests *Weltschmerz*; his conversation inclines to the vitriolic; and when he fixes the messenger boy with a sombre glare, I thrill with a sense of impending conflict.

"'Ere, he remarks, 'you oughter 'ave got orf at Chancery Lane!'"

"No fear," protests the cherub; "I took a ticket to Charing Cross."

The conductor gives a withering glance, and reviews their transaction with a kind of weary succinctness. "You gave me a penny fare," he retorts, "and a penny fare from Liverpool Street takes yer to Chancery Lane. You know that well enough, so come orf of it."

"But I took a tuppenny ticket," rejoins the cherub.

"Let's see it, then!" exclaims the conductor, with an incredulity which he makes no attempt to conceal.

"You can't 'ave it: it's no good now," replies the cherub, flushing with embarrassment.

"Lost it, of course?"

"No, I ain't!" replies the cherub.

"Well, let's see it, I tell yer; an' not so much lip about it!"

Reluctantly the cherub withdraws from his mouth a pellet of pulp, which he exhibits on his finger. The conductor eyes it with grim contempt. At this juncture, my neighbour—a ponderous man in charge of a motor-tyre—leans forward and touches the conductor's arm.

"The boy's orf right, guv'nor," he generously explains: "tell yer why. Them tuppenny tickets is blue, ain't they?"

"An' what if they are?" demands the conductor.

"An' the pennyuns is white?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Well," concludes my neighbour, "allowin' that some o' the colour's come out in the wash, that bit o' stuff's blue. I'll prove it if yer don't like ter take





## CAUSE AND EFFECT?

Mrs. Brown. "I HAD SUCH A LOVELY BATHE LAST THURSDAY, DEAR."

Niece. "THAT WAS THE DAY OF THE TIDAL WAVE, WASN'T IT, AUNTIE?"

my word for it," he adds triumphantly. "Gimme a tuppenny ticket, and I'll chew it for yer, an' you can see fer yerself."

The conductor, I believe, is satisfied as to the boy's veracity; but this hardly justifies the almost offensive scorn with which he rejects my neighbour's offer.

"If either of yer want a square meal," he announces tartly, "I've got to-day's *Telegraph* in my box. I don't want ter be hard on starvin' folks." With which parting shot he retreats down the steps.

I glance at the cherub. He has disposed of the little pellet; and, with heightened colour, has turned again to the exploits of *Dare-Devil Dick*.

## More Historic Pageants.

"On Saturday, July 28, 1096, a special excursion will run to Llandudno."

*L. & N. W. R. notice.*

Mr. BRYAN is reported in the *Telegraph* as saying: "I cannot say yet whether I shall be a candidate for the American Presidency at the next election. I could stand only upon a platform to which I could give my whole support." We should much like to see Mr. BRYAN do this trick. It sounds difficult.

## ANNOTATIONS.

"SWEET, my love, your frowns and grumbling

Neither scare nor sadden me.

Sweet, my love, chide, chide, I pray."

*Westminster Gazette.*

Write again when you've married the girl.

"Siege-train Companies R.G.A. will in future be designated 'Siege Companies R.G.A.'"—*Army Orders*, July.

And wiping the sweat of labour off its martial brow, the War Office strode forth to lunch, proud in the knowledge of a good day's work well and truly done.

"'No,' she said, 'I am going to marry another man.'"

'BEATA!' His voice thundered in her ears. His face was transformed; he looked as if the dam of his strong masculine passion had burst. He looked as if he would tear that other man in pieces with his hands."—*Daily Mirror* feuilleton.

It was a happy thought on the part of

your parents to give you the name BEATA in baptism; but beware of "transformations," BEATA!

"My opinion is that in three years' time there will not be employment for more than three hundred veterinary surgeons. The remainder of the profession will have to follow the horses."—*An ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.*

This is wilful encouragement of the grosser side of the meat-packing scandals. If you find a lancet in your sausage in 1909, you'll know what it means.

"Is it unhealthy to recognise that the very good man and the very bad man are near of kin? Is it unhealthy to admire great gifts used in the wrong way?"—*The Lady.*

No; not unhealthy, but unnatural. Let us hear from you again when you've had a bad fiver worked off on you.

## The Alien Euphuist.

FROM the German master's report: "THOMAS SMITH is decidedly progressing, but backward."



OUR ONLY SUBALTERN, FINDING HIS GUN MASKED AND REALISING THAT NO MILITARY COMMAND WILL FIT THE SITUATION, RISES TO THE OCCASION AND SHOUTS, "FORE!"

### WEIRD COINCIDENCES AND UNIQUITIES.

(With acknowledgments to the London Letterwriter of the "Westminster.")

THE MARQUESS OF BROADSTAIRS is reported to be slowly recovering from the effects of his motor accident. Barely five hundred yards from the precise spot at which the car capsized stood in all probability—such is the irony of fate!—the residence of his maternal grandfather, once an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Lady BLENKINSOP, *née* ALICE BRITCHIN, daughter of Sir ROBERT BRITCHIN, coachbuilder to the fourth GEORGE.

The newly-appointed Bishop of DUNSTABLE, whose weakness for cockatoos is well known, succeeds, oddly enough, a prelate who had a similar *penchant* for Japanese rats.

Truth is stranger than fiction. MR. HUMMUNHAR, who succeeds MR. PLODD at the South Central Police Court, was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton; his predecessor was for many years a struggling solicitor at Ilfracombe, in the same county. But the cream of the jest is to come. MR. HUMMUNHAR is an old Peterhouse man. From Peterhouse no great strength would be required to lodge a biscuit within the walls of Pembroke. Will it be believed that the outgoing magistrate was once a Pembroke don?

The regrettable absence of Canon X. from the meeting held two days since by the S.P.C.K. was due, we are credibly informed, to his missing the 2.15 from Clapham to Victoria. We scarcely hope to gain credence when we state that this identical train was successfully caught by another Church dignitary of almost equal eminence.

The election of Dr. HASLUCK to the Mastership of Boniface has its whimsical side. Not only is he the youngest head of a college, with but two exceptions, but the name of one of his rivals in this respect begins, like that of Dr. HASLUCK, with

the letter H; while there are at Boniface no fewer than two other dons whose names commence with the same initial!

MR. LONGOUGH, the famous cricketer, had yesterday the unique experience of lunching with an ex-Secretary of State whose niece lately became the wife of an ex-champion of golf, while the lady herself (if report lies not) has frequently taken part in ping-pong matches.

How many rising authors can boast, with MR. KITTS, the happiness of leading to the altar, just seven years and thirteen days after the publication of her former husband's posthumous poems, the relict (herself no contemptible *littératrice*, and second cousin to perhaps the ablest controversial theologian of the past century) of one of the few modern poets to whom we are able to accord this title without the prefix "minor?" Perhaps not one.

### THE DEVOUT LOVER.

(After Mr. Walter H. Pollock.)

It is not mine to sing with stately grace  
A second, when my lady wants a bass;  
Not mine with rippling harmonies to win  
Her favour when she plays the violin;  
But when her mother  
But when her mother helps her through her song,  
I turn the pages  
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.  
I cannot play, nor strum out tum-ti-tum  
On the banjo, or the harmonium;  
But when her mother  
But when her mother helps her through her song,  
I turn the pages  
I turn the pages, trembling lest I'm wrong.



### THE OPTIMIST.

C.B. "COME ALONG, JACK, WE'LL HAVE THE CHEAP ONE. THERE'S NOT GOING TO BE ANY BAD WEATHER FOR EVER SO LONG."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 30.

—As REDMOND *ainé* said just now, prefatory to making a long speech on third reading of Education Bill, the debate was a waste of time, akin to beating the air. Whatever had to be said had been reiterated through long dreary nights since the Bill came in with other flowers of the spring. WALTER LONG, put up to move rejection of measure at this final stage, gallantly did his best. Next to him lounged PRINCE ARTHUR, grown grey in the fight. Sisyphus of the Opposition, he has nightly been engaged in assisting to roll up amendments to top of hill formed by Ministerial majority; ever they have rolled down.

On t'other side of PRINCE ARTHUR sat GEORGE WYNDHAM, an attractive arrangement in black and white. Waistcoat white, emblem of hope; coat and trousers black, suggestive of the prospect the present Parliament opens to the gaze of true believers. The wearied brain, looking back over dreary wastes, remembers how WYNDHAM led off attack on Bill at its earliest stage. There was at least in that far-off day some dream of comfort in anticipation of disunion developing itself in Liberal ranks. Per-adventure, the rift in ST. AUGUSTINE'S lute slowly widening, soon its music might be mute.

Anticipation not altogether falsified. On one division majority ran down

to 16; at various turns the Nonconformist conscience stirred uneasily. More than once IMPERIAL PERKS has uprisen and uttered weighty remonstrance on behalf of the community that is a Church, not "a body," as ST. AUGUSTINE, innocent of offence, lightly called it. Also MASTERMAN has been Ready with denunciation of approach to concession.

They were up in succession to-night, MASTERMAN snapping at that most amiable of men, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, whom he accused of "rousing every controversial fibre he (MASTERMAN READY) possessed." Whilst ROBSON was turning over in a mind ever eager for information this new phenomenon of IMPERIAL PERKS, and over the Treasury

roused fibres, up gat waving his sceptre proximity to the halo round head of ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, cast doubts on certainty of Bill becoming law.

"It will not break my heart if it does not," he sourly said, ominously fingering his signet ring.

The Opposition, thankful for small mercies, cheered these evidences of insubordination. But MASTERMAN and IMPERATOR, having displayed their independence in speech, followed their pastors and masters into the Division lobby, just as if they had been Unionists. That is the bitterness in the Opposition cup. Through the long-drawn-out discussion Ministerial majority has been



MASTERMAN READY AND HIS FIBRES.

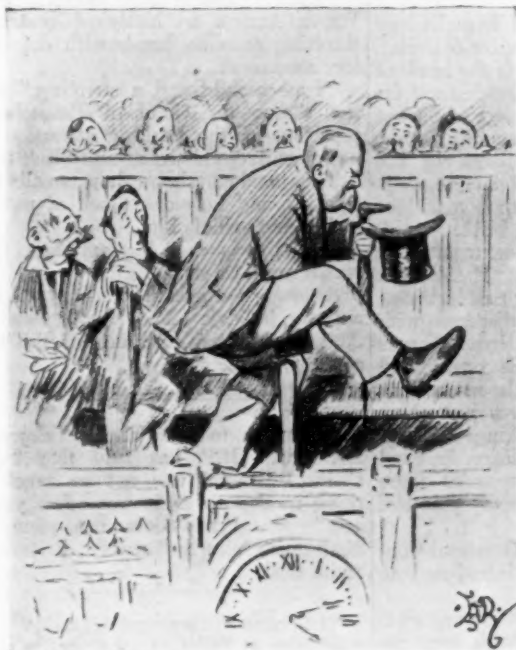
"The Solicitor-General roused every controversial fibre he possessed." (Mr. M-st-rin-n and Sir W-il-m R-b-s-n.)

fairly maintained. To-night, with the Irish Nationalists joining full muster of their forces with Unionists, the third reading of the Bill was carried by a majority of 192. That is in excess of the state of things established at General Election, when majority of Liberal and Labour Members over Unionists and Nationalists worked out at 190.

Though WALTER LONG's fervid speech did not affect Division List it had personal effect in another quarter which testifies to its power. When he rose, a burly figure sat in corner of back bench over clock in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. None so attentive as he through delivery of passionate denunciation. Benches on floor scantily occupied by bored Members. Heard all this before. Stayed on in town to vote; were there prepared to do their duty; why not have Division straightway and so off to catch train that would lead to gateway of their holiday tour?

Sharply contrasted with this disheartening indifference were the attitude and countenance of the Unknown over the clock. Regardless of temperature he drank in every sentence of WALTER LONG's burning eloquence. Every fibre of his body, as MASTERMAN READY would say, quivered in response to the orator's thumping of unoffending Table.

When speech came to end a strange thing happened. Unable longer to control



THE UNKNOWN INVADER.

A stranger suddenly makes a horrifying incursion into the Peers' Gallery.



THE "PAS D'ÉDUCATION" AT THE BIRRELL-EE VILLAGE.  
(Mr. Birrell has a final brilliant fling on the Third Reading.)

his emotion, yearning for silent communion with himself, the visitor rose to leave. To his right was the crowd filling the specially reserved section of the Gallery; to his left the Peers' benches occupied by a solitary Baron; between him and it stood a wooden partition some four feet high. Striding across this the burly Commoner entered the sacred pen of the Peers, making for the door at the other end.

For a moment the messenger on guard was paralysed. CROMWELL entering the House with his men-at-arms was in the matter of sacrilege nothing to this. Happily recovering from his fright the messenger was able to rise to his feet, and with both arms outstretched barred the way. The stranger showed disposition to argue the matter. Reinforcements coming up he turned and sauntered back again. Cocking his leg over the barrier he re-entered common ground and disappeared by the Strangers' exit, leaving behind him no name and a mystery.

*Business done.*—Education Bill read a third time by 369 votes against 177.

*Tuesday.*—Interesting to note how, occasionally, the great families that are good enough to govern us are divided on critical issues of state policy. The unity that should have made the strength of the Hotel Cecil was fractured by diversity of opinion between PRINCE ARTHUR and Cousin HUGH on the Tariff question. Now Blenheim is riven to the roof by dissension between the head of the House and its most brilliant scion in matter of

Transvaal Constitution. In the Commons WINSTON, by masterly speech, described and recommended the new scheme. In the Lords *Malbrook s'en va t'en guerre*, the object of attack being the masterpiece of statecraft of which his cherished cousin is the Ministerial advocate.

On the whole, regarded from literary standpoint as a bit of effective debating, the cadet exceeded in merit the head of the House. The DUKE takes himself far too seriously. Addresses High Court of Parliament as if he were standing to be photographed with Blenheim in the background. The Lords are less susceptible than the Commons to adventitious advantage inherited by birth. Still, even the lowliest Baron amongst them isn't overawed by a Duke. MALBROOK, a boy of parts, will get over that in time.

He might forthwith dispense with habit, marked to-night by ludicrous iteration, of bringing his open hand down on blue book with resounding bang. It happened to come just where he thought he was making a point, and as the noise of the collision drowned his voice at the critical moment there was no variety in a generally pointless harangue.

*Business done.*—New Transvaal Constitution simultaneously introduced to Lords and Commons.

*Thursday.*—In Smoke Room and elsewhere Members reading with keen interest White Paper circulated to-day purporting to be "Report by High Commissioner of South Africa on his visit

to Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate." There is, truly, a brief introductory note by Lord SELBORNE. Chief contents of Paper are copies of addresses from native tribes to the High Commissioner, supplemented by picturesque description of his journeying culled from local journals.

Here is a snapshot taken at the Great Bamangwato Gathering in KHAMA's country.

"Lord SELBORNE, who wore a flannel suit, a soft shirt, and a Panama hat, had KHAMA on his left hand, the chief being attired in correct European costume and carrying a beautifully carved ivory stick."

What is even more interesting is an incident arising out of Lord SELBORNE's visit to Basutoland. As a newspaper extract quoted in the White Paper records: "The High Commissioner was received by LETSIE, the paramount chief, wearing a grey suit, double collar, black tie, and Panama hat . . . In the course of the speechmaking LETSIE observed he felt frightened to take up the blanket of his father. He did not know how he would carry it, for he was a child and a stripling."

According to SARK this chance remark caused a flood of emotion to overpower Lord SELBORNE, to the marked surprise of chiefs and natives. In a far-off land, exiled from his country, brilliantly serving its interests, there flashed upon him a familiar scene in the House of Commons with his old friend and chief, still Premier, addressing a thronged assembly.

"I am a child in these matters," said PRINCE ARTHUR on historical occasion, throwing out slim hands with deprecatory movement.

"I am a child and a stripling," said the Paramount Chief of Basutoland, conscious of the fetching attraction of a grey suit, double collar and black tie.

The incident shows how small the world is, and how one touch of nature makes great chiefs kin.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

*Saturday.*—Parliament adjourned for autumn holiday. Meet again October 23, when business of Education Bill will actually begin.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Telegraph* Mr. PERKS, M.P. has said that "the Channel Tunnel was not so much a thing in the air as it was a few years ago." Mr. PERKS does not seem to distinguish clearly between a tunnel and a bird.

"A FRENCHMAN, disengaged this week, wishes a situation as Butler or otherwise; willing to give French lessons in return."

*Morning Post.*

In return for what? The spoons?





Tommy. "I SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO'S WINNING?"

Ethel. "I THINK UNCLE MUST BE—I HEARD HIM OFFER TO CARRY AUNTIE'S CLUBB."

#### MR. PUNCH'S CURIO COLUMN.

[Free advice through this column will be given to all connoisseurs. It is particularly requested that collectors sending furniture, grandfathers' clocks, and mummies for expert examination should not omit to prepay the carriage.]

**PUZZLED (BALHAM).**—I should scarcely recommend you to purchase the violin which the dealer describes to you as a genuine piece of old Chippendale. Perhaps "Chippendale" was a slip of the tongue for "Stradivarius." If so my advice is unaltered.

**ANXIOUS (BIRMINGHAM).**—It is difficult to place a value on collections of political speeches. The only way is to submit them to the ordeal of the auction-room. Roughly speaking, I should judge your collection of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches on Old Age Pensions to be worth about 2d.

**SKILLY (WHITECHAPEL).**—From your crude sketch and description I should esteem the diamond tiara to be worth

about £15,000. I should certainly refuse the dealer's offer of 3s. 6d. and a pair of boots unless you are quite sure that otherwise he will carry out his threat of informing the police.

**PROFESSOR (DURHAM).**—The copper coin you submit was not, as you imagine, struck in the reign of CALIGULA. After investigation with a strong magnifying glass it appears to be a late Victorian penny—date 1887 or 1889, though there is a doubt about the last figure. Its approximate value is about one twelfth of a shilling. I cannot say whether the British Museum possesses an example.

**CONFIDENT (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).**—If, as you say, you possess an early copy of *The Daily Mail* which contains an apology for a misstatement in a previous issue, you have undoubtedly a curio of immense value. But I am inclined to think that you have been hoaxed by some audacious forger.

**CURIOUS (SHEFFIELD).**—You are cer-

tainly to be congratulated on your collection. If your elastic side-boot, the traditional property of King HENRY THE EIGHTH, and your portrait of Dr. JOHNSON with VANDYKE'S signature were put up for sale at CHRISTIE'S they might fetch from 9d. to £40. Much depends on the state of wear of the elastic side-boot, and the condition of the picture's frame. Personally I incline towards the first-mentioned figure.

ACCORDING TO *The Scotsman*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN "has a special pet of his own in a parrot which he bought when a young bird in the streets of London shortly after he entered Parliament." "A young bird" is surely rather a familiar way of referring to the PREMIER.

Later on *The Scotsman* says: "She talks a little, but Sir HENRY has a great opinion of her discretion." We hope it is reciprocated.

## THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

### II.

#### THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG OF ME.

THE seeds were now sown of a friendship which was only ended by the grave. My meeting with the Captain was the beginning of a new era in my life—or rather, I should say, the beginning of my life. Almost from the first, when I was in the Captain's company, the streets ceased to have any terrors for me, and the day came ultimately when not only did I not fear any man, dog, or thing in the world, but when most men and all dogs and things feared me. Of course this came gradually. At first, not even cats ran away from me. Then, to my delight—which seems childish to me now—one windy day a number of leaves in the road took to flight when they saw me. Then birds, then cats. And at length—a dog!

I have even barked defiantly at a whole troop of mounted soldiery, any one of whom could have run me through or shot me, had he possessed the necessary pluck.

I was now constantly in the Captain's company, and, when I think of it, how good and noble of him it was for a dog in his position to consort with one who, after all, at that time was a mere ignorant yokel—a bumpkin! Never, I realised, could I repay what I owed him, though I should try to do so by a life-long devotion. He put me on my legs. He showed me about town. But for him, I, a simple countryman, would have been victimised one hundred times, for the Cockneys are a sharp race.

When I thanked him, he merely said, "I have taken a fancy to you, Ears"—for that was the nickname he gave me.

I soon discovered that the Captain was a dog of immense influence, and the effect of his friendship was instantaneous. When I first came to town, the natives cold-shouldered me. As soon as it was noticed how much I was with the Captain, a marked change took place. Innumerable little dogs now paid me court—kow-towed to me—as being a favourite of the Captain. It was all most pleasant.

Every morning before breakfast I would run round to the Captain's, and have a romp with him in the big garden at the back of his house, where dogs were forbidden. And nearly every day, in addition to this, we would go for a long walk together, for the Captain impressed on me the importance of taking plenty of exercise to keep oneself in condition. Sometimes I would call for him, and sometimes he for me. It was characteristic of the Captain that, although I lived in a smaller house than

he, he was superior to all silly social restrictions—so different from a conceited beast of a greyhound whom, in my early days, I once invited to call, and who answered, "Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

I shall never forget how excited I was



"Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

the first time the Captain came to my place and ate some of my biscuits. I think that if my people had tried to turn him out I would have strewn the house with their corpses.

Some days, when it was raining, my people would keep me in, and then I would sit looking out of the window, and as likely as not the Captain would trot down for me, and then, on catching sight of him, I would set up such a barking and a frisking that for the sake of peace—thank Heaven, my master used to suffer from neuralgia!—I would soon be let out. And frequently at night-time the Captain and I would go cat-searing together.

The Captain was the most entertaining of companions, for he was so wonderfully well informed. He knew all about everything. His astonishing accumulation of knowledge was mainly due, he told me, to a habit his mistress had of reading out the most interesting items from the

newspaper at breakfast to the rest of the family. The Captain would always listen attentively—in which respect, by the way, he was more polite than the others. Thus it came about that there was nothing you could ask the Captain which he could not answer. He knew all the big words, and I still remember my delight when he told me I was a "Quadruped," for I had had no idea that I was anything so important. Half-an-hour's conversation with the Captain was a liberal education in itself, and whatever I have of polish and choice of diction, I owe to the Captain.

The effect on me was most remarkable. In a very short time you would not have recognised in me the timid creature of yesterday. Once my master dared to raise his hand against the Captain because he scratched the front-door—rightly enough, by-the-by, as the servant had kept him waiting for upwards of five minutes. When I saw my master catch hold of the Captain, at first I could hardly believe my eyes. To say the least, it was a disgraceful breach of hospitality. Then my anger knew no bounds, and I growled furiously; and it was only a restraining look from the Captain which prevented me biting my master all over. To the Captain's generous views as regards humans I shall refer later. After this incident the Captain, who was always dignified, kept away from the house for a month; and serve my master jolly well right!

#### THE CAPTAIN CONFERS ON ME A COVETED DISTINCTION.

The Captain was not slow to mark the change in me, and, eight weeks after my first meeting him, he made me a member of his Club.

#### THE DOGS OF WAR.

This was the greatest distinction that



He found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional.

could be conferred upon a dog. My gratitude knew no bounds; but all that the Captain said in reply to my protestations was, "I like you, Ears."

It was the most famous Dogs' Club in the world. I need scarcely say that I refer to "*The Dogs of War*"—known to our rivals as "*The Mongrelians*," "*The Hooligans*," "*The Gargoyles*," and other *sobriquets* as insulting as they are stupid. This Club, as is well known, was founded by the Captain as a monument to his mother. The Captain's mother, it will be remembered, made a love-match. She was considered, however, to have married out of the pale, was cut by all thorough-breeds, and fretted herself to death.

To avenge this heartless piece of snobbery, *The Dogs of War* was formed. Its motto was "Defiance not Defence," and all thorough-breeds giving themselves airs were to be attacked on sight.

The rules and regulations of the Club were many, and I do not propose to set them out at length. In all of them the master-mind of the Captain was apparent.

Females and children were ineligible for membership. A proposal to form a junior branch was rightly rejected by the Captain. As he pointed out, the youngsters, with their constant infantile ailments, would be more bother than they were worth. And, unless a special dispensation—the word is the Captain's—were obtained, the members must remain bachelors. And no black dogs were admitted; the line was drawn at coloured gentlemen.

The Captain alone chose the members. If a likely young fellow applied to him, or were introduced by a member, the Captain would place the candidate on probation for a month. During those four weeks the Captain would receive reports on its habits and customs, and would personally test it in many ways. For instance, he would meet one of the little novices out with its mistress. The Captain would beckon to it. The novice would advance towards the Captain. The mistress would call it back. The Captain would beckon again. The novice would once more run to the Captain. The Captain would detain it for five minutes, and say, "Now you may go back." It would get a beating from its mistress. The Captain would meet the same dog in similar circumstances the next day, and, if then it did not come at the first summons, the Captain would let it know he had no use for it.

Nor did we have the rule of "Once a member, always a member." The Captain reserved to himself the right of expulsion. It was the only way, he explained, to keep us up to the mark. One member was expelled, soon after I joined, for cowardice. It was a very painful affair. He was a personal friend



Visitor. "ARE THERE ANY FISH IN THIS RIVER?"  
Native. "FISH! I SHOULD RATHER THINK THERE WAS. WHY, THE WATER'S SIMPLY SATURATED WITH 'EM!"

of the Captain, but the Captain felt he must make an example of him. He was a small dog, known as "*The Barrel*" from his shape. One day a Newfoundlander, who came up suddenly behind him, cried out, "Hello, here's one of the dirty Mongrelians." The Barrel turned round and looked at the Newfoundlander, and found him so big that he decided that the insult was not intentional. The incident, however, was reported, and *The Barrel* had to leave. The Captain took an especially serious view of the matter, as the insult was to the Club and not to the member personally. I used to see the outcast occasionally afterwards, but, if he caught sight of one of us, he would always slink away; and I used to pity him, he looked so miserable.

Expulsion, too, used to take place occasionally for slackness and dis-

obedience. Without obedience, the Captain held, nothing was possible. We were never to question his commands. He was a stern disciplinarian, and the message "The Captain wants to speak to you" has made many a dog tremble in his day. And with it all the Captain was scrupulously just; and this, I think, was appreciated by the members, and was perhaps the secret of his marvellous influence over us. We have seen how he would not spare even his personal friend. His impartiality was wonderful. I have even known him decide against me in a dispute with another member. And once he threatened to expel me because I growled when he asked me to give him my bone, greedy brute that I was!

He was a splendid Dictator. No wonder he so often led us to victory.



## IN MEMORIAM.

## John Lawrence Coole.

BORN, 1832. DIED, JULY 30, 1906.

WHILE Summer's laughter thrills the golden air,  
Come, gently lay within the lap of earth  
This heart that loved to let us share its mirth  
But bore alone the sorrow none might share.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DO NOT stretch probabilities too far when I suggest that Mr. GEORGE MOORE, who has lately published *Memoirs of My Dead Life* (HEINEMANN), became during that dead life familiar with the memoirs of a certain notorious Venetian adventurer. When this distinguished ornament of the eighteenth century had passed the age of three score years and ten, he sat down to relieve his mind and mitigate the wretchedness of his condition by committing to paper the adventures, the intrigues, the scandals, the successes and the failures of which his life had been full. Old and decrepit, he dwelt with a peculiar gusto on those scenes of his variegated existence in which women had played a part, and did not hesitate for his own satisfaction to embroider and enlarge infamous adventures that fate had thrown in his way. So Mr. MOORE, when he recalls his life, does not fail to show how gallant and determined and unconquerable he was whenever a petticoat crossed his path. No doubt the recollections gave Mr. MOORE pleasure, but it is doubtful whether anyone else will care much for them. There is plenty of pretty writing in the book; there is a fine mixed haze of artistic sensibility and semi-decadent enthusiasm for incidents and persons not in themselves specially admirable. Mr. MOORE wishes us to realise that he is an Irishman with a French soul and a knack for æsthetic jargon. We have managed to realise this, but we cannot say that the effort has given us any particular satisfaction.

If you're a young author, and anxious to shine  
In the crude, ungrammatical, hair-raising line,  
You can't have a model more apt for the job  
Than *The Woman at Kensington* (CASSELL, six bob).

The author is WILLIAM LE QUEUX, and his plan  
Is to take for his hero some eminent man  
(Fictitious, of course), who's obsessed with a fear  
That his past will come out and upset his career.

In regard to this past, you will make it your game  
To avoid, till the end, giving facts of the same—  
An ingenious feat of diplomacy which  
Should alone work your readers to pinnacle pitch.

To make sure, you should keep the machinery oiled  
With phials of poison, and plots that are foiled,  
And secret societies—things of a kind  
That betoken gargantuan efforts of mind.

Provided that thus you sustain the suspense,  
And are lax as to details, and syntax, and sense,  
There's really no possible reason why you  
Shouldn't do quite as well as this WILLIAM LE Q.

In the *Shadow* (HEINEMANN) was evidently prepared for the American market, where presumably its first appearance was made. It is chiefly a study of the negro character, its possibilities and limitations. Mr. ROWLAND selects as his type the Haytian negro, perhaps the most favourably circumstanced of the race. Dessalines, son of a wealthy father, was educated at Oxford, where, in spite of his colour, he made many friends, a circumstance incomprehensible to the Americans who figure in the story. He conceived the idea of making himself Emperor of his native island.

Descending upon Hayti with every prospect of success, he developed the latent imperfections of the negro, "a creature of impulse, shuttlecock of his emotions, lazy, improvident, lacking in imagination, irrepressible, incomplete." There is brisk movement in the story. But I fancy it will be found more interesting on the other side of the Atlantic, where, as Mr. ROWLAND grimly observes, "the negro has a vote." Which seems very inconsiderate on his part.

It is probable that if ISEN had not written plays *The Bar Sinister* (BLACKWOOD) would never have come before the British public. Mr. MORGAN-DE-GROOT has much of the Master's simplicity of style, his occasional triviality of comment and illustration. Nor does he shrink from

what, in less decorous language than the original Dutch, might be described as coarseness of situation. This is illustrated in the wooing on the river, where the wicked brother Rudolf insists upon the betrothed of the good brother Paul marrying him. The story is specially interesting as admitting the foreigner to the intimacy of fresh sidelights on Flemish interiors.

Mr. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON is as pleasant a writer as one can wish to meet. He can make even the dry bones of golf live, and can chat delightfully about fishing, shooting, and the *cic en plein air*. His *Amelia and the Doctor* (SMITH, ELDER) is a most agreeable story, excellently well conceived and capably constructed. But Mr. HUTCHINSON ought not even in an off moment to palter with grammar. When he says "neither of these two . . . were the kind of men whom you could press with questions" he defies LINDLEY MURRAY and must take the consequences.

*The Field*, in a report of a recent county match, says: "At 96 HURBLE brought the 100 on the board." No wonder the public is said to be losing its passion for county cricket if the umpires allow this sort of thing to go on.



Warder. "VISITOR WAITING FOR YOU, NINETY-NINE, IN THE RECEPTION ROOM."

Ninety-nine (ex-Company Promoter, suspiciously). "VISITOR? TELL HIM I'M NOT AT HOME."